

# The Mirror

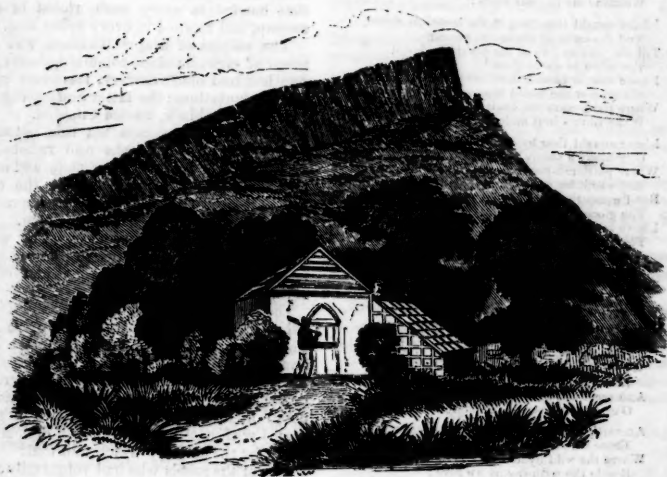
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1014.]

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.]



SALISBURY CRAIGS,

NEAR EDINBURGH.

SALISBURY CRAIGS form a semi circular precipice of great height (about 550 feet) and extent, which may be seen from almost every quarter. Round the base of these Craigs winds a footpath, commanding a splendid view of the city of Edinburgh and the surrounding scenery.

The Craigs are open to the west, and present to the eye an awful front of broken rocks and precipices, forming a sort of natural amphitheatre of solid stone. Among the rocks, are rich ores, spar, and great variety of rock plants—thus affording an inexhaustible supply of hard stone for paving the streets of London.

Between Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craigs is a reclusal valley, the bottom of which is a morass. Immediately upon descending into this valley, the view of Edinburgh is totally lost: the imperial prospect of the city and castle, which the rocks in a manner overhang, is intercepted by Salisbury Craigs. Seldom are human beings to be met in this lonely vale, or any creatures to be seen, but the sheep feeding on the mountain, and the hawks and ravens winging their flight among the rocks.

Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Craigs are included in the King's Park, which is upwards of three miles in circumference: it is subdivided

by stone walls, and was first enclosed by King James V., all of which is a sanctuary. This is a singular piece of ground, approximating to such a populous city: it is little else than an assemblage of hills, rocks, precipices, morasses, and lakes. Formerly, the level strip at the foot of the hill, bearing the name of the Duke's Walk, was covered with tall oaks; but now there is hardly a single tree in its whole boundaries: indeed it is extremely doubtful, if, except at the bottom, there were any trees on these hills, the height of the ground, and barrenness of the soil, being very unfavourable for their growth.

Rugged protuberances of craggy prominences, denominated Craigs, are common in the romantic and picturesque domains of Scotland. The celebrated Craig Phadric, on the banks of the Ness, coronetted by a splendid vitrified fort, is the wonder of travellers; and, among the most striking of the natural features of Ayrshire is the appearance from the shore, of Ailsa Craig, which rises sheer out of the sea, at the distance of fifteen miles from the land. So tall and massive is Ailsa, and such is the effect produced by the loveliness of the sea between, that the sight of it, even at the distance of fifteen miles, oppresses the imagination.

## INVOCATION.

POETRY! Voice of the Beautiful! stay!  
 Breathe o'er this trembling lyre!  
 Priestess of Nature! awaken the lay  
 Thine own bright dreams inspire!  
 Far midst thy worshippers, spirit of song,  
 I hail thy rapturous strains,  
 And come to the old and noble throng;  
 Welcome me to your fanes!

I have sought thee long in the heartless crowd,  
 And the cares of changeable years;  
 Till the passion-cup of the heart o'erflow'd  
 Too often in silent tears!

I have sought thee, too, where the giant hills  
 Watch o'er the broad blue sea;  
 Where the greenwood choir, and the merry rills  
 Wake Love's best melody!

I have sought thee by old and fabulous springs—  
 O'er many a sunny strand;  
 Where patriarch-poets awoke the strings  
 Erst swept by angel-hand!

But I grasp thy harp, bright spirit of song!  
 The glorious prize I bear!  
 I have lov'd thee—sought thee—woo'd thee long—  
 Thy triumphs let me share! W. G. A.

## THE LAND OF DREAMS.

A sky more beautifully bright,  
 Than waking hours yet ever knew;  
 Whose darkest shades are varying light,  
 Of sapphire, or soft fleecy blue;  
 Where the rich clouds pass fitfully,  
 Like shadowing hues of angel's wings,  
 And seem to shed a tinge from high,  
 O'er all the heart's imaginings.

An earth where flowers are springing round—  
 Those which in youth we used to love,  
 Where the wild hyacinths abound,  
 Beside the pathway as we rove;  
 And many a scene, and many a thing,  
 For years from our remembrance gone,  
 Upon the soul are gathering,  
 As once they graced its earliest home.

The sisters that we loved so well  
 With eyes that ever sweetly shone,  
 Appear with us again to dwell,  
 Though long to their Creator gone;—  
 The eye—the voice—the every word  
 Just as in life they oft have spoken;  
 Again are seen—again are heard,  
 As if old ties had ne'er been broken!

Oh, Heaven! it is a blessed thing  
 To share again, though but in sleep,  
 The joys Time never more can bring.  
 The hopes we long have learnt to weep;  
 Till waking, we could almost say,  
 Some angel who on earth was dear,  
 Pitying the sorrows of the day,  
 Prepared the peace our slumbers share!

MARIA R.

## LINES,

## ADDRESSED TO AN INFANT COUSIN.

BY A LITTLE GIRL, ONLY 10 YEARS OLD.

HAIL, little tender flower,  
 So lovely, and so mild;  
 Thy dearest mother's sweetest hope—  
 Her own, and darling child!

Thou dost not know, my babe,  
 What is a mother's care;  
 Or that, my little jewel,  
 Thou art to her so rare.

And when thou'rt grown up, dear one,  
 Oh! may'st thou always be  
 As gentle, and as kind to her,  
 As she is now to thee!

## DEATH OF AN ANACONDA.\*

In the year 1773, war of the most desolating kind broke out in Guiana; not only had the French troops to combat against the savage Indians, but, (in their perilous marches through the great forests which there encumbered the soil,) also against fierce and terrible beasts, that howled in every bush, rioted in every swamp, and reigned in every green tree.

The column of Major Rudehop was composed of eight hundred colonial infantry, and five hundred black cavalry, furnished by different plantations; the latter body being commanded by a black, named Cupidon.

Sixty slaves accompanied this battalion: they carried the canteens and rations, the ammunition of the troops, hatchets, and necessary implements for establishing the camp, this part of Guiana being utterly impracticable for carriages and beasts of burden.

It was four in the evening. The whites found themselves about two leagues from the island occupied by Zam-zam, chief of the revolted negroes.

The forest was becoming thicker and thicker, till at length, they found no track, or passage. The trees, immense and tufted, formed a dome impenetrable to the day; great lianas shooting from tree to tree, or rioting on the ground, crossed and re-crossed themselves in nets so dense and inextricable, that two negroes, armed with hatchets, forced with difficulty, a route for the soldiery which followed.

One of the rebels who had voluntarily made his submission, conducted the Europeans through the immense vegetable wall which barred their passage. The profound silence of the forest was untroubled, save by the measured strokes of the hatchets and bills of the slaves. Many of them, overcome by heat and fatigue, stopped to repose against the lower branches of the trees, or the strong festoons of the lianas.

Having gained vigour by their temporary rest, they again summoned up their forces, and recommenced their painful labours.

One of them, wishing to clear the way by moving the mossy trunk of a carob-tree, used the end of his pike as a lever, with which to turn it over on itself. The only vesture of the slave, was a pair of linen drawers, and a blue shirt. Scarcely had he disarranged the tree, when a serpent, of a bright luminous orange colour, of small bulk, and about three feet in length, lanced itself from the tree, over which the slave was bent, struck into the bosom of his shirt, and buried its fangs in his heart.

The negro uttered a terrible shriek, crying, "A Way-pay!—I am dead!"

Scarcely could he carry his hand to his chest, before the serpent escaped, glided like

\* The *4me Numéro* of the *Courrier de l'Europe*, from which this paper is translated, calls for our fullest approbation; it is rich and racy with French literature; it improves as it proceeds; and we say to M. B. Lailu, with all our heart, "*I pede fausto.*"

a flame into the jungle, and nothing was seen among the green bushes, but a small sparkling portion of his head and shoulders.

The negro fell. His black head became grey as a cinder, his eyes started from their sockets; he was seized with a convulsive trembling—his limbs quivered with internal agony.

The bite of this serpent was mortal.

"Beware, beware!" cried Cupidon, "the way-pay is to the great anaconda, what the pilot is to the vessel; hereabouts be sure, lurks an anaconda."

The black had hardly uttered the words, when, by a movement more rapid than thought, he seized his gun which he had laid beside him, gazed in the direction of the trunk of the carob-tree upon an object which he saw, and fired.

In half a minute, the negroes were enveloped in a kind of whirlwind of leaves, of broken branches, mixed together like the fragments of a shattered vase.

They heard in the jungle, a deafening sound, and so to speak, heavy as that of an immense wave, breaking the enormous branches of trees, and dashing them into a stormy sea.

Twice Cupidon saw the colossal head of the anaconda elevate and lower itself with fury. This part of the reptile's body was of a brown red, further heightened by a blazing yellow. At the moment Cupidon recovered from his first emotion, he snatched the fusil of Touketti-Touk, his companion, to kill the monster, which he had certainly wounded. The serpent, all at once, ceased to preserve its threatening attitude, undulating towards the jungle like an enormous wave, it left a part of its back exposed below the great green creepers, and then disappeared on the right, without being struck by the second discharge of Cupidon.

"An anaconda! . . . an anaconda! beware on the right!" cried Touketti-Touk, "look to your arms—he is wounded."

Reports of guns were now heard on the right, proceeding from the blacks. "He is shot—he is shot," cried many voices.

And such indeed was the case. Although he had received two balls in his head, he yet gave signs of life, when a number of negroes who had thrown a long liana round his neck, dragged the monster into the midst of a little cleared track.

Covered with huge scales, he was thirty feet in length, and three in circumference; his back of bluish-green and fawn, was blotched with large irregular spots, surrounded by black circles; his sides were of a rich brownish-yellow; his belly of a greyish tone; his head, half shattered by the balls, could scarce be distinguished by reason of the blood which covered it in momentary gushes; and he still feebly opened his jaws, armed with poisonous teeth.

The blacks, and a great number of soldiers partaking of the same taste, gratified themselves with the hope of supping on the carcase of the monster.

A negro, holding in one hand the liana which surrounded the neck of the anaconda, climbed up a carob-tree, thrust its flexible head into a fork formed by a branch of the tree, and then threw the vegetable cord of the liana to his companions below. Thus suspended by the neck, the reptile still writhed itself into convulsive motions.

The black now took a large knife between his teeth, left the tree, fastened himself like a cramp-iron to the body of the serpent, which incessantly writhed and turned round, and pressing him between his limbs and knees, prepared himself to excoerate the reptile.

Plunging his knife into the anaconda's neck, he made a deep incision, before he began to lift up the skin. At this deadly wound, the monster summoned up his expiring strength in furious movements—his dying eye glared through the blood that covered it; twice he opened his jaws, and gnashed his teeth one against the other, and made such terrible coilings with his head, that the spectators started back in horror.

Soon the motions of the anaconda became less energetic—he at last agitated himself very feebly—he expired.

The black prolonged the incision which he had made in the neck, and continued to do so in peeling off and lifting again the skin, in measure, as he proceeded.

It was a spectacle at the same time strange and terrible to see, in the last rays of the setting sun, which scarcely traversed the tops of the trees, that black being, half naked, covered with blood, and clasping between his knees and arms, the immense carcase of the reptile.

#### OXFORD MARTYR'S MEMORIAL.

THE committee for the appropriation of the fund subscribed for the erection of a monument to the memory of the three prelates, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, who suffered martyrdom at Oxford, have selected, at a recent competition, the design of Messrs. Scott and Moffatt, of Spring-Gardens. The monument will consist of a very elaborate hexagonal cross, of a character corresponding with the crosses erected by Edward I. to the memory of Queen Eleanor, but somewhat on a larger scale, and more richly decorated. The second story will contain, in niches on the alternate sides, statues of the three martyrs, which, from the situation of the monument, will face three different streets. The site chosen is remarkably appropriate, being in front of the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in which parish the martyrdoms took place, and opposite to the end of the very fine avenue leading from St. Giles's to St. Mary Magdalene Church, which will be highly favourable to the effect when approached from that direction. The height of the cross is about 70 feet, which is about one-fourth higher than the majority of the ancient crosses in this country. A portion of the fund is also to be appro-

priated to the erection of a new aisle to the church, and to rendering the side opposite which the cross will be placed, and which is much dilapidated, conformable in character to the cross. This aisle is to be called the Martyr's Aisle. It will enhance the appearance of the church in architecture, and much improve the internal accommodation. It is contemplated that the fund raised, should be nearly equally divided between the two objects. The works will probably be commenced as soon as a contractor is chosen.—*Times Journal*, July 6, 1840.

### Anthologia.

1. *The Dream, and other Poems.* By the Hon. Mrs. Norton. [Colburn.]
2. *Historical Reveries.* By a Suffolk Villager. [Longman and Co.]

[We class these two books together, because the first is confessedly, and the second, judging by internal evidence, equally the production of a female pen. And exquisite both of them are, moving the heart by their mournful beauty—like the Fancy-dreamer who doth use it—Woman!

Painful, however, is it, in the first case, to observe, that "Rosalie," whose strains long years ago in her life's beginning, were entuned only to "Sorrows," still vibrates with the same sad *pleurissement* on the strings—still she seems like "Niobe," evermore "all tears," and like "Rachel," "refusing to be comforted."

But from the many painful traits of woman's trials, as drawn in Mrs. Norton's pages, we extract a more comfortable passage—a truthful and right-hearted statement of woman's privileges and duties:—]

"And be not thou cast down, because thy lot  
The glory of thy dream resembleth not.  
Not for herself was woman first create,  
Nor yet to be man's idol, but his mate.  
Still from his birth his cradled bed she tends,  
The first, the last, the faithfullest of friends;  
Still finds her place in sickness or in woe,  
Humble to comfort, strong to undergo;  
Still in the depth of weeping sorrow tries  
To watch his death-bed with her patient eyes!  
And doubt not thou,—(although at times deceived,  
Outraged, insulted, slander'd, crush'd, and grieved;  
Too often made a victim or a toy,  
With years of sorrow for an hour of joy;  
Too oft forgot amidst Pleasure's circling wiles,  
Or only valued for her rosy smiles,—)  
That, in the frank and generous heart of man,  
The place she holds accords with Heaven's high plan;  
Still, if from wandering sin reclaim'd at all,  
He sees in *her* the angel of recall;  
Still, in the sad and serious hours of life,  
Turns to the sister, mother, friend, or wife;  
Views with a heart of fond and trustful pride  
His faithful partner by his calm fireside;  
And oft, when barr'd of Fortune's fickle grace,  
Blank ruin stares him darkly in the face,  
Leans his faint head upon her kindly breast,  
And owns her power to soothe him into rest,—  
Owns what the gift of woman's love is worth  
To cheer his toils and trials upon earth!

"Sure it is much, this delegated power  
To be consoler of man's heaviest hour!  
The guardian angel of a life of care,  
Allow'd to stand 'twixt him and his despair!

Such service may be made a holy task;  
And more, 'twere vain to hope and rash to ask.  
Therefore, oh! loved and lovely, be content,  
And take thy lot, with joy and sorrow blent.  
Judge none; yet let thy share of conduct be,  
As knowing judgment shall be pass'd on thee  
Here and hereafter; so, still undismay'd,  
And guarded by thy sweet thoughts' tranquil shade,  
Thou shalt move sober on —

[Surely there is a power in woman's poetry which man's can never own—a sweeter charm—a something more acquainted with the spell that calls up fancies deep and delicate! All beauteous words—the idioms of the heart that passion forms, it seemeth to have friendship for. It is a poetry of most gentle beauty, and not unfitly may be called, the Moonlight of the Lyre. For, if it attain not to the glorious heights and sunny grandeurs of its brother song, it has a holy lustre, pure and sad, that moves the heart like magic. Had we our way, all tales of mournful love—all histories that touch upon the heart, should be written alone by woman's fingers—for over them doth she not weep!

We now turn to the lines of the fair "Villager:" they seem to us incomparably sweet:—]

#### "Retrospection."

I know not what it is, in a summer afternoon,  
In the calm of still July, or the green delight of June  
I know not what it is, but I know the feeling well,  
Comes over me at sunset like a vision or a spell.

I know not what there should be of influence or power,  
In the fall of the day more than any other hour;  
But, oh! I know it well, like a gleam of something gone.

How strangely it comes o'er me as the sunset-light comes on.

We pass'd a narrow lane that came up from the west,  
We were sweeping through the broad road by busy feet imprest;  
And the yellow slanting sunbeams, with an almost level ray,  
Stream'd down upon a boy who was running there at play.

Running, running, all alone, in an ever-changing ring,  
Round some wooden plaything which he held in a long string,  
And whirl'd it round and round him, and ran round it eagerly,—

It might be boat, or sledge, or kite, he meant that it should be.

Not that it was like these things, or anything defined,  
But form and colouring live within a child's inventive mind;

And, unlike the hurrying passers-by, he ran round there at play,  
As if upon some village-green a hundred miles away.  
I know not what it is, but a sad and strange delight  
Unconsciously came o'er me as I look'd upon the sight;

And amid the unquiet streets through the long and thoughtful day,  
I am haunted ever since by that happy child at play.  
It is even such a feeling as rises in one's breast  
At the sight of pleasant pictures, of gardens trimly drest,

With their long, smooth, gravel walks, and their never turning ways.

Seen as they used to look in the hue of other days.  
Or when one turns the pages of some great garden old,

Who lauds the tall sunflower and gleaming marigold;  
The spires of the hollyhock, and the scented hawthorn bough,

And all those grave and stately things which as thought nothing now.

I am tired of the bright shows that meet me every-  
where,  
I am tired of the hurry, I am tired of the glare;  
I wish I were again in that world of long ago,  
It seems as if I'd lived in, though when I do not know.

It may be a half-memory of the chalky uplands wild,  
Where we play'd and gather'd wild flowers when I was  
quite a child;  
And the ancient lady living where the brook ran past  
her door,  
With her garden of anemones, and her neatly-sanded  
door.

We were speaking, we were thinking, of the fitful  
gleams that come,  
Like sudden torches lifted in a dark and starry dome,  
Where the tools of the astrologer lie scatter'd on the  
ground,  
And cast may be our horoscope, and life's lost entries  
found.

Oh! where, where, can the world be, to which memory  
pointed back,  
I know not where to find it in life's well-beaten track:  
I have studied grave geography, and pored on map and  
chart,  
But I never found the pleasant land whose face is in  
my heart.

Oh! the present time forgets what the future was to  
give,  
And the further off seems happiness the longer that we  
live;

We see it far before us, fast fleeting as the wind,  
And turning to look backward, we see it far behind.  
They say, the quiet eve of life's declining day  
Doth wear a better hue than its morning's glad array;  
I wonder if its sunset will ever bring to me  
As sweet a light as that which doth linger over thee.

[To conclude: it was assuredly upon hearing  
such tones as these, that Archilochus wanted  
a new name for them, softer than any that  
then existed, and which he found in the har-  
monious word, "Τρυλλα".]

### A WALK THROUGH ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

We walk these solemn aisles along,  
The relics of the past among:  
'Tis here the monks their beads have told,  
Here saints have pray'd, and warriors bold  
Bent their mail'd knees to heaven.

From those who really love the study of anti-  
quity, and experience pleasure in examining  
the remains of ancient art, there are not many  
ecclesiastical edifices possessing greater claims  
on attention, than the cathedral at Rochester.  
But as it is not the purpose, nor, indeed,  
within the limits, of this little sketch, to give  
a regular history of the church and its founda-  
tion, the curious reader is referred to the  
works of Thorpe and Hasted, and to that  
very useful and excellent little tome, in-  
titled the "History of Rochester,"\* together  
with many other entertaining essays on the  
subject, for information how Ethelbert first  
founded a bishopric and college for secular  
priests here, in the time of St. Augustine, A. D.  
600; how the Kings Sigered, Offa, Ethelwulf,  
and Egbert, and a host of Anglo-Saxon bene-  
factors, vied with each other in bestowing on  
it many a fair manor, in honour of St. An-

drew, and for the good of their own souls.  
There also must they seek for an account of  
the various revolutions and catastrophes which  
the building underwent, up to the time of  
Bishop Gundulph, who is generally considered  
to have been the architect of the earliest por-  
tions of the present edifice. Ours are the ru-  
minations only of a rambler, and our ambition  
is merely to be by the side of the stranger,  
when he takes his final glance at the exterior  
of this venerable edifice. Modern improve-  
ments, tasteless insertions and brick facings  
will somewhat tend to discourage his critical  
examination of it, yet, if he be an architectu-  
ral antiquary, he will neither be slow nor at  
much pains to discover many beautiful relics  
which they have almost obscured. The west  
front is universally allowed to be a very fine  
specimen of Norman enrichment, and is con-  
sidered by Dallaway to be one of the most  
perfect specimens of that style now left in  
England. It consists, mainly, of tiers of  
arches or arcades; the pillars supporting them  
are of high design, and the heads of the arches  
are filled with the curious hatched ornament  
mentioned by Chaucer, as "hacking in ma-  
sonries." This front also contained four towers,  
two at the western terminations of the  
nave, and two at those of the side aisles; they  
appear to have run up nearly even with the  
walls, but on reaching the roof of the building,  
to have assumed an octangular shape, and  
terminated in pinnacles most curiously capped.  
The great door consists of several concentric  
arches, all elaborately carved, and resting on  
pillars, two of which take the form of statues,  
and represent the figures of King Henry the  
First, and his Queen Matilda. Various figures  
of animals, flowers, etc., pervade the whole of  
this beautiful relic, and the architrave is pecu-  
liarily curious, the stones being locked to-  
gether by semicircular fastenings. In the area  
is a bas relief, probably intended for our Sa-  
viour. He is represented sitting with a book  
in his left hand, which book also rests upon  
his knee; and the tympan or recess in which  
he is seated is supported on either side by an  
angel, whilst around are the symbols of the  
four Evangelists. The plinth from which the  
pillars rise is evidently of more recent date,  
the ancient base having, in all probability,  
been decayed. In the front of the tower, on  
the north side of the west door, is a very an-  
cient statue, which is supposed to represent  
Gundulph; it formerly stood in another por-  
tion of this tower, which was taken down  
in 1763.

C. S.

### MONUMENTAL BRASSES.

THE simultaneous appearance of the first  
numbers of two pictorial works, illustrative  
of the Sepulchral Antiquities of Great Britain,  
the one entitled—A Series of Monumental  
Brasses, extending from the reign of Edward I.  
to that of Elizabeth, drawn and engraved by  
J. G., and L. A. B. Waller; published by Pick-

\* Published by Wildach, High-street, Rochester.



ering; the other—Illustrations of Monumental Brasces, published for the Cambridge Camden Society, by Tilt, educes from us the following observations.

These two works on the same subject, of similar title, and brought into the world on the same day, are produced under circumstances widely different. The latter is supported by the funds and abilities of the recently-formed Cambridge Camden Society (an institution taking the name of the Camden Society *par excellence*, but restricted to the members of the University of Cambridge); while the former is conducted solely by two individuals, dependent on their own resources, pecuniary as well as mental.

The ratio of the success of these rival productions, will, it is believed, illustrate and substantiate a position we have long formed and maintained in the assertion of the superiority of individual over collective power, in undertakings requiring zeal, industry, and obstinate fixedness of purpose, as well as previous preparative training in, and knowledge of, the subjects entered upon. That "union is strength," we allow; but it is often the ponderous and unwieldy strength of the giant, unavailable for the active purposes of life. Accumulated funds will not supply the qualities indispensable to the success of literary labours, such as patience, industry, enthusiasm, combined with a love of retirement, and contempt for mere display of public parade. In physical projects, such as rail-roads and steam-vessels, the association of men and money is everything; but the mind cannot be collected or propelled by steam, nor the brain be drilled and taught to create and produce at a railroad pace. That literary societies do good, may be admitted—anything is better than stagnation; but it is disputed that they can achieve what depends upon something not to be brought under subjection and controul: liberty of soul, and genius disdaining trammels and fetters, and scorning any exertion but in a state of freedom.

For this reason alone, we were disposed to expect more from the Messrs. Waller, than from the Cambridge Camden Society, and comparison of the specimens just published, justifies our expectations.

In the biographical and historical notes appended to the Cambridge work, research and judgment are evinced. The Messrs. Waller have postponed their letter-press. The lithographed rubbings of the former would also be by no means unsatisfactory, but when placed side by side with their competitors', they are obscured by the boldness of outline, fidelity, and attention to minute details, so essential to the taste of the antiquary, which distinguish the engravings of the '*par nobile fratrium*.' In these first numbers of the respective publications, the test of comparison is particularly unfortunate for the Cambridge people, as the monument of Archbishop

Harsnett, in Chigwell Church, Essex, is given by both parties, and tends to show, in a striking manner, the superiority of the individual artist over the joint-stock company. It is somewhat surprising that these interesting monuments should have hitherto been so partially attended to, as they justly deserve to rank among the most useful records we possess for authentic reference to the costume of the periods in which they were executed.

We shall possibly revert to the subject, and give our readers, by permission of the proprietors, a specimen of the talent of the Messrs. Waller.

### FERTILIZATION OF AFRICA.

"It being true that there are a series of vast tanks and reservoirs placed by nature above the thirsting deserts of Africa, the stagnation, as well as the rapid evaporation of which, now pollute the climate; and also that a number of immense rivers flow out of Africa into the ocean: would it not be a problem worthy of the inquiry of travellers, by a scientific reconnaissance to determine what would be the difficulties of attending the tapping of those enormous vessels. As also of applying *tourneforts* upon those veins and arteries, which, eternally bleeding, have left a great portion of Africa destitute of vegetable life."—*Major Head.*

THE extent of Africa overwhelms the mind. It is nearly five thousand miles long, by four thousand broad, and it lies directly under the sun's path; the equator almost intersecting it, and the tropics covering the central regions of the north and south.

The sun is *always vertical*, somewhere in Africa; fiercely it exercises its power over a surface of two thousand five hundred miles.\* Of this space one immense portion is over-spread with barren sands, and the other alternately turned into a bog by rains and rivers, and into a nest of contagion by the action of the sun upon this mighty morass.

Now, between the tropics, it is constantly raining somewhere, and the rain falls in quantities that absolutely overwhelm the country. The hot winds constantly follow the sun from tropic to tropic, and the vapours which they raise, on reaching the higher regions of the atmosphere, and being chilled, are constantly poured down in rain. A country of a thousand miles on the north and south of the line, is thus kept constantly in a state of the most powerful irrigation, and the direct result is a most superabundant fertility for the month or two while the earth is drying, and excessive heat, and excessive moisture, first come in full combination. Yet, for the remainder of the dry period, the land is a sink of pestilence; so deadly from its miasmata, and so torturing from the swarms of insects generated by the heat, that man and the inferior animals perish in great numbers, or fly even to the desert, where they had rather encounter the tremendous fierceness of the sun, than the

\* R. reckoning from the equator to the northern boundary, the Mediterranean; and about the same distance to its southern, the Cape of Good Hope.

agony of the innumerable stings that haunt them in the fertile soil. The country is covered with immense marshes, and thick jungles, where the over-luxuriance of the vegetation checks the air, and all is fever and death.

The whole question, therefore, turns on the distribution of the rains. Too much water, or too little, makes the misfortune of Africa: and the only remedy for the evils which convert one of the richest soils of the world into a grave, or a nest of reptiles, is to be found in equalizing this gift of Nature.

It is impossible to doubt that a vast portion of the wilderness of Africa would produce the fruits of the earth if they had water. We find in the heart of the desert vegetation wherever there is a well; and a little colony, surrounded by woods and rich fields, wherever there is anything like a regular supply of water.

The grand problem would be, to lead the superfluity of the tropical rains from the innumerable rivers, and immense lakes of central Africa, into regions now condemned into perpetual dryness. The results would be to dry the watery morass into productive soil, and to water the burning sand alike into fertility: in fact, to drain the centre of the country, and to irrigate all the rest: and for this purpose the peculiar construction of the continent seems to offer no trivial advantages.

The whole central belt of Africa runs directly under the equator, and from the known figure, and the actual formation of the land, this central belt is so lofty, that it pours its rivers, the collection of its rains, down on both sides through the continent in great abundance and force. Denham computes the lake Tchad, one of the reservoirs of those rivers, at twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the ground beyond it, towards the south, was still rising. Bruce computed the southern elevation to which he had reached at two miles above the level of the sea, and this is probably but a small part of the whole elevation. From these vast tanks what copious good might be derived. Were they but judiciously drawn out in channels through the parched regions of this zone, how fruitifying might they prove: the desert indeed would clap her hands, and her wildernesses blossom as the rose.

The water of the tropics is actually conveyed through the whole length of the sands of Nubia in the memorable course of the Nile; and a little sandy region in the shore of the Mediterranean is turned into the most extraordinary example of fertility in the world by this simple watercourse. There are in Egypt itself, the very region of sand and sun-beams, dykes and embankments for irrigation, on a vast scale, to which the permanent fertility of the land is owing. In the Abyssinian history, a threat is recorded of one of the kings who had a quarrel with the divan of Cairo, to turn away the Nile, and thus "stop the cock" out of which Egypt drank. There is a remark-

able instance, too, of a threat of this kind having been partially put in force, when Lalliballa the king, in the year 1200, turned the course of two rivers from the Nile into the Indian ocean.

The following sketch of the rivers of Africa, shows what vast floods the tropical rains pour down, and how little founded is the complaint which charges Africa with general want of water.

The Nile is the only river of consequence which empties itself into the Mediterranean:—Navigable 450 miles from the sea: its greatest velocity three miles an hour.

The Senegal. From this river, along the coast of Guinea to the equator, there is more water discharged into the ocean than from any other part of Africa; probably more than from all the rest of the continent put together: course, 1,000 miles: navigable 60 leagues from its mouth: and in the rainy season, 260

The Gambia. Navigable for large vessels 60 leagues: the tide is felt, in the dry season, at the distance of 250 leagues.

The St. Domingo, and the Rio Grande: the latter navigable for vessels, about twenty leagues.

The Mesurado is a large river, so is the Sierra Leone river: then follow the Ancobay, St. John's, Volta, and Formosa rivers: the latter ascendable 28 leagues.

From Formosa river, are the Rio dos Forcados, the Old Calabar, the Bonny, Old Calabar, and the Rio del Rey. These are very large rivers, and not well known. The country about here is low: and these streams intercept the land in every direction, and form numerous islands.

Turning southward is the river Cameroons, which has several mouths, but its size has not been ascertained. Then succeed several smaller streams, till we arrive at the Congo or Zaire river, which is very large and rapid, discolouring the sea for a considerable distance, and tearing away large pieces from its banks.

South of the Congo, for about six hundred miles, there are several rivers of a good size; many of which will admit vessels of one hundred tons. After that for about eight hundred miles, there is not a single stream of fresh water till we come to the Fish river. Then follows the Orange river, which, although it has a considerable length of course, does not discharge much water into the sea.

There are several considerable streams in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, as well as on the east coast of Africa, the largest of which is the Eramo, or Zambese, which has a course of one hundred and eighty leagues. The rest are smaller, but none of these are well known, though many of them are large and deep at their entrances.

The Decra river, which runs into the Indian ocean to the north of the equator, is very large at its mouth, and is supposed to take its rise in the mountains south of Abyssinia. Beyond this there are no rivers of consequence till we reach the Nile, and indeed it is not known that there is a single stream of fresh water discharged into the Red Sea.

Bruce, a man of admirable powers, of great acquirement, intelligence, and activity, wasted his health, wealth, and years, in achieving the trifling discovery, that one of the sources of the Nile was a spring in a hillock, in an Abyssinian valley. But an expedition to discover the means of pouring fertility into the wilderness, and giving health to the tropical regions of Africa, would be among the noblest to be undertaken by the benevolent ambition of man. That there are vast districts where drainage could be effected with very simple means, and equally vast ones where water might be collected and preserved to supply the failure of the rivers in the dry season, is

well known. On such a subject, though rashness may be deprecated, it would be criminal to despair.

But it is a higher consideration still, that by giving health and fertility to Africa, would be actually taking the most direct way to elevate the character of its innumerable tribes. The tyranny of the petty kings is almost wholly founded on the poverty of their people, on their ignorance of everything, and their unacquaintance with the arts and comforts of European life. The poverty of their kings themselves drives them to the horrid resource of the slave-trade, itself re-acting on every feature of the national character. Africa, undivided by its enormous deserts, and with the spirit of man unbroken in it by perpetual disease and poverty, would not long remain without making advances in liberty, knowledge, virtue, and, as the combined result and protector of them all, in Christianity.

#### ORIGIN OF PANTOMIMES AND MASQUES.

THAT modern masques and pantomimes are traceable to the ancient pagan mysteries, may be inferred from their similarity of allegorical characteristics, as well as from the undoubted fact that the modern drama itself re-appeared after its extinction at the decline of the Roman empire, not only with the same form, the same objects, the same description of actors as the ancient, but actually under the same primitive designation, that of MYSTERIES. And it is here worthy of remark, that the noblest poem in the English language, *Paradise Lost*, was originally composed as a dramatic mystery; indeed, it is very capable, in its present state, of being decomposed and restored to its original form. So restored, it would, in fact, exhibit all the features of the more ancient mysterious drama,—the cosmogony, the lapse of man, the machines of good and evil spirits, the scenery of an Elysian garden, of the starry universe, of heaven and hell.

Certain it is, however, that in the ancient mysteries were exhibited masques and pantomimes founded on mythological stories.\* The chief fund for these representations in Egypt, was, the popular story of Osiris murdered by his brother Typhon. According to Plutarch, the search of Isis was the subject of superb pageants and water spectacles; and, in truth, the whole mythological narrative of that event, and the concluding triumph of Horus, is by no means ill-calculated for dramatic effect. A similar representation of the story of Ceres took place during the Eleusinian Mysteries. It would appear that on the same occasion, four priests dressed in a peculiar costume, derived from Egypt, performed a kind of masque

in the characters of Pluto, Mercury, Bacchus, and Proserpine; an allegorical representation which conveyed instruction to the aspirant. Sometimes the creation of the world was represented, the cause of death accounted for, the lapse of the soul described, and its restoration predicted and portrayed.

To this class of masques indubitably belongs the beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche, described by Apuleius during his account of initiation; and it is not a little singular that it remains an inexhaustible source of the best operas, masques, and ballets to the present time. The Italian harlequinade is, evidently, a different version of *CUPID AND PSYCHE*, and similar allegorical stories exhibited in the mysteries.

*Columbine* was a personification of the lapsed and wandering soul as *Psyche* or *Proserpine*.

*Harlequin*, of *Eros* or *Mercury*; and thence the magic wand or cap.

*Pantaloen*, of the tyrannical father, or avenging husband, as *Pluto*.

*The Clown*, scurra or buffoon, of *Momus* or *Bacchus*, which last deity was deemed to be the originator of vinous scurrility, satire, and saturnalian licence.

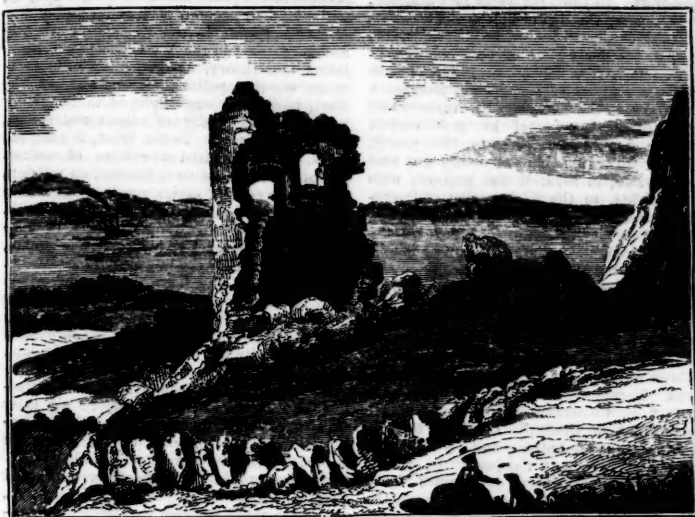
#### A BOLD REPLY.

WHEN the unfortunate James the Third of Scotland fell in the field near Stirling, fighting against his rebellious subjects, who had his son in their army, and in their power, it was for some time uncertain whether he was dead or alive, and it was supposed that he had taken refuge in a small fleet which lay in the Forth, a few miles from the scene of battle, whereupon a message was sent to Sir Andrew Wood, the commander of that fleet, to come and speak with the prince and council at Leith. He declined until they gave the Lords Seaton and Fleming as hostages for his safe return. When he appeared before the council at Leith, he was asked "if he knew what was become of the king," to which he answered in the negative. He was then asked "who were in those boats that had been seen plying between his ships and the shore, soon after the late battle." To which he replied, "that he and a party of his men had come on shore to assist their sovereign against his rebellious subjects, but hearing that the battle was over, they returned to their ships." To this, he added, "that if his gracious master was still alive, he would defend him to the utmost of his power against all traitors." This bold declaration was very disagreeable to those who heard it, but their concern for their hostages constrained them to dismiss him without any injury.

\* It is worthy of note that Rich the manager (see Pope's Dunciad,) attempted to revive pantomimes under this ancient form.

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RUINS OF ST. ANTHONY'S CHAPEL,  
KING'S PARK, EDINBURGH.

THE Chapel of St. Anthony originally belonged to the Monastery of the Knights Templars of St. Anthony, at Leith. It is situated in the King's Park, on the north side of Arthur's Seat, and was formerly contiguous to a Hermitage. The site is well adapted as the resort of devotees; and, (although in the neighbourhood of a large and populous city,) bears the appearance, and possesses the properties of an unfrequented desert. Sequestered from the rest of mankind, here the holy hermits, in former days, dedicated their lives to devotion. The sterility of the rock on which they chose to dwell, taught them humility and mortification; while the lofty and majestic elevation adjacent to their abode, with the extensive prospect of the sea, disposed their minds to contemplation; and looking down on the palace\* beneath, they no doubt compared the enviable tranquillity of their own residence with the tumults and empty parade of the royal court.

The Chapel was a beautiful Gothic structure, well suited to the rugged sublimity of the rock. It was forty-three feet long, eighteen broad, and eighteen high. At its west end, was a tower nineteen feet square, and at the supposed height of forty feet, which served as a sea-mark to vessels entering the Firth of Forth.

The Chapel, which appears to have been enclosed by a stone wall, had two arched

\* Holyrood House.

doorways, and two windows on each side, with a handsome Gothic roof of three compartments. In the southern wall, near the altar, is a small arched niche, wherein the holy water was put; and another opposite, of larger dimensions, which was strongly fortified, for keeping the Pix, with the consecrated bread.

The cell of the hermitage yet remains; it is sixteen feet long, twelve broad, and eight high. The rock rises within two feet of the stone arch, which forms its roof; and near the base of the rock, is St. Anthony's Well, celebrated in Scottish song, and mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, in "The Heart of Mid Lothian."

The canons of St. Anthony were introduced during the reign of James I., and they were brought from St. Anthony of Vienne in France, the seat of the Order; they followed the rule of St. Augustine. In Bagimont's roll, as it stood in the reign of James V., the preceptory of St. Anthony, at Leith, was taxed at 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* The same preceptory appears in a tax-roll of the archbishopric, in 1547. The Canons of St. Anthony had a church, a cemetery, a monastery and gardens at Leith, on the south-west corner of the alley, which was named from them *St. Anthony's Wynd*. Besides various lands, tenements and rents, about Edinburgh, and in Leith, they were entitled to a Scottish quart from every tun of wine which was imported into Leith and

Edinburgh. In 1482, Sir Alexander Haliday, the preceptor, was heard before the auditors, in parliament, with regard to the teinds, the rents, and other rights of their church at Hales. (Parl. Rec. 288.) In 1488, Thomas Tusing, a Burgess of Edinburgh, founded a Chaplainry, in the Church of St. Anthony, for the maintenance whereof he gave certain rents, in Leith, amounting to 10*l.* yearly. At the reformation this preceptory was suppressed; and, in 1614, it was granted, with all its rights, to the Kirk-session of South-Leith, for endowing King James's Hospital, at Leith.\*

The Seal of St. Anthony's Convent is still preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates. It bears the figure of St. Anthony, in a hermit's mantle, with a book in one hand, and staff in the other; and at his foot, a sow, with a bell about its neck. Over his hand there is a capital T, which, it seems, the brethren wore in blue cloth upon their black gowns. Round the seal, there is this inscription: "S. Commune Preceptorie Sancti Anthonii Prope Leicht." Lyndsay, the satirist, laughs at St. Anthony and his sow: one of the relics of his "Pardoner" is, "The Gruntill of Sanct Anthony's sow—quilk 'bare his haly bell.'"—See *Lyndsay's Works*, 1816.

The annexed view was taken on the spot by a respected Correspondent during the autumn of 1838.

#### THE

#### EASTERN AND WESTERN WORLD,

UNDER THE ROMAN EMPIRE.—SECOND CENTURY.

WITHOUT any minute analysis of causes, it is a fact, that from the most remote antiquity, a very different character has been stamped on these two branches of the human race. Climate, soil, natural constitution, habits, institutions, even the physical geography of countries, may have caused the difference. But to illustrate it generally, and with these qualifications, which must be implied in speaking of human nature in masses and large descriptions, it consists in this—that in the East, man is everywhere impressed with a full religious instinct; that is, with a profound, abiding consciousness of a real, living, controlling power existing above him, in a distinct personality. In the West, this instinct is deficient, and at times, seems wholly lost. The eye of the East is always turned upwards, and fixed on a Being like to, but greater than itself. The eye of the West has no such vision, and either sees nothing, or wanders about capriciously upon any chance object that occurs. The East contemplates persons; the West studies things. Persons and things form the two great divisions of the universe; and according as men's minds are bent on one or the other, not only their religion, but their

politics, morals, arts, manners, and philosophy, will take their peculiar form and complexion.

Thus, religion in the East was a worship and adoration; in the West, it became speculation and theory, or an engine of government, whether political or moral. In the East, philosophy was employed in imagining a spiritual hierarchy of angels and spirits, demons and æons. In the West, it analysed ideas, or generalized the laws of nature. Morals in the East were founded on religion. The whole code of ethics resolved itself into obedience to, imitation of, and union with, God. In the West, it is a scheme of calculation, a balance-sheet of pleasures and profits, or a deduction from intellectual relations. Government in the East absorbs the whole body of the state, in the person of its head. The many are lost in the few, or rather in the one; the predominating idea is the subjection to an authority above. The West is the land of democracies.

Ever, the Arts partake of the same distinctive character. In the East, in all their greatest works, these were employed to realize before men, the presence of some gigantic power, which they were bound to obey. Architecture was thus their chief province; and where painting and sculpture were introduced, they were made vehicles for suggesting mysteries, or were tied down by rigid laws" which still maintained the principle of slavery, even in the exercise of fancy. To raise a pyramid as a tomb for a single coffin; to excavate mountains into temples; to bridge over seas for the passage of troops; or cut a canal through an isthmus, were all efforts embodying one common idea, the idea of power. In the West, art performs very different functions, except when imbued with the spirit of of the church. It pleases the eye, ministers to comfort, spreads luxuries, facilitates independent exertions, increases the power of the individual, instead of exhibiting a power above him; is regulated by no fixed laws; embodies no moral institutions; is pervaded by no high sentiment; is destitute of unity and grandeur; is, in fact, a mere plaything or tool. Before the creations of Eastern art, the individual is lost and overpowered. Before those of the West he is raised into self-importance, and triumphs in his own superiority.

Hence, also, the different spectacle which history presents on each side. There, vast massive empires spreading over immense regions, consolidating a variety of races, preserving their outward form and principles of polity throughout the changes, not only of years, but of dynasties, so that the history of the East three thousand years back, is its history to-day—a form of government absolute and fixed, transmitted unchanged, from hand to hand, through internal usurpations and foreign conquests—a religion dogmatic, mystical, and hierarchical—a code of laws, exalting the human will on one side, as much

\* Chalmers's Caledonia, vol. ii. p. 769—770.

\* The laws of Plato.

as they abased it on the other—and a system of subordination in society, making of one class, gods, and of others, slaves; this is the general sketch of the history of the East.

In the West, it is very different. Here, society, instead of exhibiting a tendency to concretion and centralization, is every day breaking up and crumbling to pieces. Each separate locality begets a distinct national character, and a separate civil polity. History is full of migration and colonization. Changes, not merely of persons, but of principles, creep on, converting monarchies into democracies, and democracies into monarchies. Military prowess—birth—wealth—intellect, succeed each other as elements of power and authority. Laws accumulate on laws—races exterminate races—religion, from a vast, imperative external system, kept sacred from violation by its followers, dwindles into a plaything for the reason, or an instrument of human selfishness. The basis of society, if basis it can be called, is no longer immutable law, but expediency or passion. The future is everything, and the past nothing. The unity of the body is lost in individual will; and the active, spontaneous, self-seeking element in the human mind, develops itself with an energy tending to subvert all external control—to sweep away laws in politics—forms in common life—hereditary institutions, and even fundamental axioms in morals and religion—till it sinks down for a time, exhausted in the ruin which it has made, and gives scope for the Eastern principle to assert a temporary away.

This was the condition of the Eastern and Western world at the commencement of the second century.—*Quarterly Review*, No. CXXII.

### Arts and Sciences.

#### THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

A VARIETY of experiments have within these last few days, been tried on the railway recently laid down between Shepherd's-Bush and the Great Western Railroad, across Wormwood Scrubs, for the purpose of testing the efficacy of the Atmospheric Tubes, the working of the air-pump, and the speed of the carriages propelled along the rails. It is gratifying to know that the results of these experiments have all been satisfactory; and this satisfaction is one in which not only the inventors of the system are interested, but in which the public also have their share of interest; because, if this means of putting trains in motion along lines of pre-existing railroads, be adopted, it will enable the proprietors and shareholders of those lines, to convey passengers and goods at a much less rate of charge than the present, in some instances, very heavy charge. It is said, and we believe cannot be contradicted, that where

trains are dragged by a rope, if the distance be considerable, four-fifths of the whole power employed go to dragging the apparatus itself, and only one-fifth of the whole power is left to drag along the train. The cumbrous machinery of what are called locomotive engines, is not only a clumsy, but a very costly, and frequently a very dangerous, contrivance for the propelling or dragging along of the train, and any power that can furnish a substitute, will be hailed with satisfaction by all travellers and passengers, and must eventually become universal in its application. The simplicity of the Atmospheric Railroad principle, is its great recommendation; this principle has been applied before to the raising heavy goods into warehouses, and has been found to answer; but it has not become general in such application, because a power so great as it affords, is rarely required, and a common windlass with pulleys, is sufficient. The gradients on the piece of line already in existence, on which the tubes or pipes are laid, is 1 in 115; but, in the experiment of last year, the capability of ascending an acclivity of 1 in 30 was proved. This acclivity equals most, if not all, of the hills through which tunnels have been bored at enormous expense to the shareholders, and in passing through which, all passengers are annoyed by damp, darkness, fire-dust, and noise.

Amongst those who were present at the experiments, was Prince Albert, who inspected the whole machinery and process with great interest, and expressed himself fully gratified with the result of the experiments made in his presence. The mere rate of the carriage with its passengers, weighing 8 tons 3 cwt., was 30 miles an hour; with the carriage and passengers of 5 tons 13 cwt., it traversed the rail at the rate of 36 miles an hour; and during the time of the Prince's inspection, its rapidity was still greater. The experiments are open to all persons, and all will do well to make themselves acquainted with them.

### New Books.

#### *Page's Guide to Ornamental Drawing and Design.* [Berger.] Part I.

WE feel an apology due to Mr. Page, for not before noticing his truly interesting and highly useful work, which, (at this period, when the florid ornamental style is so predominant, not only in engravings, but in cabinet-work, and in the fittings-up of shops, and interiors of houses) must be a valuable instructor, to all inlayers, modellers, cabinet-makers, ornamental workers, and carvers, and also to students in every department of the fine arts—to engravers on wood for designs and instructions for ornamenting capitals, and head and tail pieces—letter-founders, for new and chaste patterns for flowers;—and, as the splendidly ornamental shop-bills, which shed such a brilliant lustre on the artistical talent

of the last century, are now being happily revived, "Page's Guide" will be to them of the most vital importance.

The letter-press remarks and instructions in the first part are illustrated by innumerable beautifully engraved specimens of the various schools treated of, designed and engraved by the talented author, who is also the printer of the work; reflecting on him the highest credit as a writer and artist of pure taste and varied talent.

This production has our heartiest commendation; fearlessly and earnestly recommending it to all lovers of the fine arts. Young ladies, with the assistance of the above work, may, with the greatest ease, exercise their judgment by forming fanciful borders for the pages of their scrap-books.

It is really gratifying to witness such a concentration of genius emanating from one of the British school, and in that peculiar branch of art wherein we have hitherto looked only to foreign countries for examples; it proves, also, the truth of our oft-repeated assertion—that if patronized, our artists can rival those of any country. We again especially implore our young and fair readers to cherish and uphold, to the very uttermost of their power, let it be however insignificant, the talent of our beloved country, and not to be led astray by the present fashionable predilection for those innumerable muddy-looking and ugly productions of foreign artists, which unfortunately disgrace the shop-windows of our book and print-sellers, and are purchased and prized merely because they are the works of strangers, whilst our own artists are literally starving for want of employment.

### The Public Journals.

*Bentley's Miscellany.* No. XLIII. July, 1840.

[JOCULARITY and light reading form the staple of this monthly; it has frequently papers of fine wit and brilliant satire. That which chiefly sparkles on its front this month is, "The Sleeping Beauty in our Time," by Mr. Jerdan—a marvellous tale of a dear little princess, who, lost in the year 1740, during the great frost, becomes accidentally encrusted and shrined in an iceberg, and who, when rediscovered one hundred years after, to wit, in this present year of grace, 1840, finds the order of things entirely changed: and her wonderment is well sustained, at the astonishing metamorphoses in men, manners, and things. What does not the flight of a century effect!]

#### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF OUR TIME.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

There was, a hundred years ago, a king and queen, who had several children grown up to be men and women. Some lived with them in the palace, which was very fine and magnificent; but their eldest son, who had

married a princess, lived in a house with her, not far off. There was a desperate long and hard frost, and a thundering war with Spain during the year.

#### Loss of the Sleeping Beauty—the Princess Goosey.

It was to this frost, and not to fairy agency that we owe the phenomenon, the results of which are now, for the first time, about to be recorded. On one of the days when an entire ox was roasted on the river Thames, the court went to see the cookery and sport; and fine sport it was, I warrant ye. The London Evening Post, the General Evening Post, the St. James's Evening Post, the Gazetteer, the Craftsman, the Common Sense, the Universal Spectator, the Weekly Miscellany, the Daily Advertiser, and all the mighty journals of that era describe it as a glorious spectacle; and the royal party quite delighted with the entertainment. Indeed, so merry were they, what with cuts from the sirloin, and with plenty of Cognac brandy,—which could then be drunk in abundance, as it cost no more than three half-crowns a gallon,—that they never discovered they had lost the Princess Goosey, (so called for shortness) till their return to the palace. It would seem as if all the inferior orders had partaken largely in the festivities of the court; for, notwithstanding the exertions of the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, Colonel de Veil, Justice Poulson, and other active and sapient magistrates, their watchmen and bea- dles, not a trace of Her Royal Highness could ever be found.

#### Discovery of the Sleeping Beauty.

The mystery in which the affair was involved has, accordingly, continued to the present day, when, by the recent return of the Sally, whaler, of Hull, to port, from a voyage to the Arctic seas, it has been solved in the clearest manner. It appears that when the Sally was harpooning a whale, the firing off the harpoon, and the spouting and struggles of the animal, shook an iceberg of very peculiar shape, so much that it fell to pieces, and, to the utter astonishment of the crew, disclosed in the centre, the singular figure of a young lady, in a small hoop-petticoat of brocade trimmed with Brussels lace, a bodice of silver tissue, and her hair dressed to an immense height and flowing in profuse ringlets.

#### Resuscitation of the Sleeping Beauty.

This extraordinary petrefaction, as they thought it, little dreaming of its near relationship to the Prince and Princess of Wales, they carefully cut out, and brought on board the Sally, where the gradual thaw soon induced symptoms of animation. The captain of the Sally, being a person of education, knew what it was to be spell-bound, as well as ice-bound; and with the sagacity of a whaler, immediately deposited the new-comer in the most quiet and comfortable berth which his cabin afforded. Keeping it, at first, at a low tem-

perature, he gradually increased it as the life strengthened into full play; and, in the course of fourteen hours, the illustrious Goosey was restored to perfect consciousness and physical elasticity.

[That the early conversations with the captain were odd enough on both sides may be easily imagined, and that they could neither overwell comprehend each other. The seaman, without reserve, considered the little icicle of a lady to be quite insane, and fancied that she must have awakened in another world. From entries in the log-book of the captain, our readers will learn the nature of her hundred-year-old inquiries, and the puzzled answers of the interrogated captain.]

"8 A. M. Lobscous. Wind E.N.E. moderate. Conversed with the princess, as she styles herself. She asked whether I knew if the king had returned from Hanover! to which I answered, I believed not, as there was no occasion. 'But, as a sailor,' she observed, 'you can, at any rate, tell me the latest news of the immortal Vernon, and how the Spanish war is carried on after the glories of Porto Rico.' To this rhodomontade I was obliged to plead ignorance; but informed her that General Evans had returned in perfect safety, with a considerable number of disabled Isles-of-Doggians; that the Christinos and Carlists had not yet entirely settled matters; and that the glories of the Peninsula still hung, like an *aurora borealis*, around the laurelled brow of Wellington.

*Sleeping Beauty's first notion of a Steam-boat.*

"Signal; sail in sight. Went on deck to ascertain her. Alarmed by a fearful scream from the cabin; rushed down, and found the icicle at the window in great agitation. 'O! captain, for heaven's sake, hasten to the rescue of those wretched creatures. Dreadful it is to see them on the lovely blue ocean doomed to perish in the raging flames. Look how the smoke and fire burst from their fated bark, and the lurid cloud hangs over them like a pall to cover the dead. O! hasten—hasten to their aid!' 'Pray, madam, be composed: that vessel, I take it, is the steamer from Ham-burgh, and not in the slightest danger.'—'For shame, sir! to attempt thus to conceal your apathy. Woman, and princess as I am, do not I observe there is not a sail upon that miserable ship; that she is driving before the element with demon force; and that in a few moments she, and all she contains, must irrevocably perish. No flend, far less an English seaman, could look on this, and not exert his utmost to avert the horrid calamity.' In vain I endeavoured to explain to H.R.H. the principles of the steam-engine, and its application to the impulsion of vessels. Anger took possession of her, and she viewed me with obvious disgust as little better than a murderer. 'It is in vain,' she finally remarked, 'that you try to impose upon me with such monstrous lies. I am aware that the Austrian Colonel

has just invented a machine by which he can row boats up the Danube *against the stream*; and that he has gone six hundred feet in twelve minutes; but, wonderful and incredible as *that* is, with large wheels, bridges, and machinery, you would have me believe that, by means of a kettle of water put on to boil, you could force great ships to move against wind, and tide, and stream, wherever they wish to go. Fie! to treat me as if I were a fool or a simpleton.'

*The Old State of Things in 1740.*

From this time the Princess lost much of her confidence in Captain Shoalsby, and did not seem to believe him when he assured her he was steering for England, or that an England existed in the world on which she had so strangely appeared. "If so," she inquired, "is Frost Fair\* over! has Captain Coram got up a sufficient subscription for a Foundling hospital! and has Montague House been fitted up for the reception of exposed children! Have the Chicassaws been firm in their resistance with our colonists!"

"With regard to Frost Fair," said the captain, "I am unable to afford your Royal Highness any intelligence. I suppose it must have been put down with most of the other fairs about London, as being highly vicious and injurious to the morals of the lower orders. The Foundling Hospital is a noble old building, and is surrounded by many new streets and splendid squares. About Captain Quorum I know nothing, never having heard of him in the whale-fishery. He may be a very good man, for aught I can speak to the contrary. Montague House, as I have been informed, is the British Museum, in which, instead of exposed children, there is the grandest collection in the world of books, of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman Antiquities, of Zoology, (I myself gave them the jaws of a sperm whale, measuring eighty-seven feet four inches), conchology, and all other ologies and sciences, astonishing to behold. It is worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, and an institution for the nation to be proud of. The Chicassaws are extinct, the stripes occupy the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the United States—"

"What are you talking about!" said the princess. "It was but the other day the King of France sent workmen to Quebec to work the iron mines of Trois Rivières. What are

\* It is conjectured that her Royal Highness must have been involved in the "thereon" accident, of which the following account is given in the Journals of the day; and that having been, as it were, encased in the island alluded to, she had, during the confusion of the last event, been carried out to sea, and, in process of time, formed a component portion of an iceberg at Spitzbergen.

"At the Frost Fair an island of ice, with about a dozen of men and women thereon, separated from the main against Bear Garden Stairs, and floated, to their utmost consternation, for a considerable time; but, at last happily fixing against the Three Cranes, they were, with much difficulty, by the help of planks, put safe ashore, but one of the women was frightened into fits."

—London Evening Post, January, 1740.



the United States! What are the stripes!—what—!”

“Why, the mighty independent republic of North America, and its national colours, with nearly fourteen millions of people, governed by the president; and extending over a territory nearly as vast as our own Eastern Empire, including Afghanistan, Candahar, and Caubul, and all the countries overrun in the last campaign.”

“Are you mad,” exclaimed the princess, “that you name the very provinces just conquered by the victorious Thamas Kouli Kan, and wrested from the mogul for ever! Would the powerful Nadir Shah permit an European to set foot within his dominions; he who now, on his return from his Oriental triumphs, threatens Egypt on the one hand, and the Sublime Porte on the other, &c.”

In such contradictory discussions did foreign affairs engage the captain and his fair passenger; and it was impossible to decide which puzzled the other most.

The princess had, however, by her consistency so far overcome his opinion of her insanity, as to be able to induce him to alter his course up channel, for the sake of landing her at London; and, as the Sally neared the chalk-cliff shores, it was soon shown that their notions of domestic affairs were as widely discrepant as those on external relations.

“Ah!” said the princess, with a tear in her eye, as she caught a view of Dover Castle, “I know Mr. Weller, the deputy-governor, who will indeed be rejoiced to welcome his royal mistress to her native land.”

“Mr. Weller, madam,” observed the captain, “is not the governor. Mr. Pickwick is, and Samivell is his servant. The old genl-m-n you mention, may be the Dover stage-coachman.”

#### *Old London in 1740.*

The bewildered princess could only shrug up her shoulders at some of the captain's perplexing announcements, but expressed a hope that they might land soon enough for her to get to the palace and dress in time for dinner at two o'clock. If later, the king might be gone to some ball at the Haymarket theatre, or be engaged in his usual game of hazard\* with the nobility invited to sport a few guineas at the royal table. Besides, it was most dangerous to attempt to traverse the suburbs in the dark, beset, as they nightly were, by footpads and highwaymen. Nor were the streets of London safer; and it was only the week before that the post had been stopped at Knightsbridge, and robbed of the Bath and Bristol mails; whilst half-a-dozen persons had been stabbed and plundered in Fleet-street and the Strand. In vain did the captain assure

her Royal Highness that nobody of fashion, and far less royalty, ever dined now o' days till eight o'clock; and that, in consequence of the New Police, there were no street murders (though there were a few in private dwelling-houses); that even Hounslow Heath was cultivated fields, and Bagshot could not boast of a single highwayman; that the Five Fields, Chelsea, were Belgrave and Eaton Squares, and Chelsea Common a populous town.

#### *The Princess's ride in a Steam-carriage of 1840.*

On landing at Greenwich, her Royal Highness wished much for a sedan chair, and hinted at one of John Tull's new patent, in which an individual might be carried a hundred miles in a day! The captain offered a buss or a cab, but advised the railroad as the most rapid conveyance. Having consented to this, the princess was escorted to the train, and what language could convey her utter amazement and dismay! When the hissing vapour ascended, the machinery rattled, and the mass of carriages began to move, she sank senseless to the bottom of that in which she had been placed, and for a while became as lost to perception as she had been during her century of incrustation in the conservative ice of the pole.

#### *Old London Bridge, in the Princess's Time.*

Though her trance lasted only a few minutes, her journey was performed, and she awoke to consciousness, and a renewal of terror and astonishment, at London Bridge,—not the London Bridge of her memory, with its encumbrances and mouldering buildings, but a splendid edifice, spanning the flood of the Thames in two or three prodigious strides, whilst immediately above, a greater miracle still presented itself, a bridge of iron! and hundreds of demon steamers were plying in every direction, some of wood, some of iron, and all crowded with busy thousands. No wonder that the distracted princess went from swoon into swoon; for it was impossible to conceive that she had not fallen among a race of frightful and fiery enchanters; and well was she read in the wickedness of the godless crew.

#### *Post Office—Parliamentary Reports—Franking.*

It would be an endless task to point out the million of changes which a century had produced; but it may not unamusingly continue for a space the object endeavoured to be slightly illustrated in this sketch, if we notice a few of the incidents which have occurred to us on the review and comparison.

On reviving, and glancing at a journal, the princess saw something of the new Post-office regulations.

“Ah!” said she, “I recollect these. Our excellent Postmaster-general, ever attentive to the public good, ordered a bag to be made up for Hounslow every night, except Sunday, during the period of the encampment there, and the Duke of Cumberland highly approved of

\* “Last night, the Lord Harrington, the Duke of Newcastle, the Duchess of Richmond, the Earl of Albemarle, Lord Viscount Harcourt, Augustus Schels, Esq., &c. played at hazard with his Majesty, the Duke, and the Princesses.”—*Newspaper paragraph, January, 1740.*

the plan. But, heaven protect us," she added, "what is this! Parliamentary debates! Why, here are the proceedings of Parliament, with the names of the speakers. Why are not the printers committed to prison? Where are now the winked-at reports of the senate of great Lilliput, in which the Urgs and Hurgolets of the Clinabs, and the lordly Hurgos and Nardacs had their speeches surreptitiously and mysteriously given to the people?" Dare they outrage the privileges of parliament in this open manner. As well might they give up franking—"

"Franking is abolished," whispered Captain Shoalsby.

"Franking abolished!" exclaimed her Royal Highness. "Poor Cornelius MacGillicuddy, then, lived before his time; for I remember he was severely punished for forging a frank, which the house declared to be a high misdemeanour, and notorious breach of privilege."

#### Lotteries—Watchmen, &c.

"The customs of countries change wonderfully in a century. Are the lotteries drawn daily?"—"There are no lotteries."—"Are the watchmen and beadies effective?"—"There are no watchmen, and the beadies are a remnant differently employed."—"Are the chocolate and coffee-houses filled every forenoon with the loungers who have not to attend the levees of great men?"—"But a few persons kick their heels in the antechambers of the Beaurocracy, and chocolate and coffee-houses are no more. Clubs have superseded them, or rather their last remains; for they were extinguished before by the altered habits of the people."

#### Races of 1740.

Epsom, the Derby, and the Oaks for 1840 are over. We need not describe what they are now; but it is curious to cast a look back to 1740, and learn that an act to discourage horse-racing occupied the attention of parliament; for the evil had risen to such a height, that, during six days at Epsom, six races were run, the utmost prize being forty guineas, and the amount of the six one hundred and eighty guineas! To be sure there was cocking to boot, as usual. The last Cocking in our days was the poor fellow who tumbled from a balloon; and what would have been thought of a balloon, if such a thing had been mentioned as a project in 1740!

#### Treatment of Criminals in 1740.

The retrospect of a hundred years is full of

\* The periodicals of the day, which ventured so far to infringe the standing orders of Parliament against the presence of strangers, and any notice of their proceedings, adopted this thin style of disguise, and treated their readers with the speeches of the Hurgo Sarkburg, the Hurgo Quadrert, the Hurgo Haxillaf, the Hurgo Aylestrof, the Nardac Secretary of State, the Nardac Agryl, &c., &c., of the House of Hurgoes; and, in the lower house, *alias* the House of Clinabs, with the speeches of Hurgules Gundahn, Yegou, and Branard; the Urgs Lestyltuo, Plenam, and Snodsbay; Pulnuf, the prime minister, the Galhet Worga, and similar anonymes.

curious matter for reflection. The contrast in the administration of justice is also a most striking feature. Corporal punishments and executions were numerous beyond belief; and the way in which these *examples* were carried into effect defy the powers of exaggeration. Of criminals strung up by dozens at Tyburn, we read of one so bunglingly executed, that when carried to Surgeons' Hall for dissection, the first incision brought him to life again; and of the corpse of another, selected from six hanged on the same day, by the same body, for their anatomical discourse, being rescued from them after a desperate fight at the foot of the gallows, by his armed associates, and taken to Westminster to be buried. R. Briggs, for marrying two wives, is sentenced to be burnt in the hand; and (listen ye pleaders against flogging in the army or navy) the journals exult over the lashing of Mr. Evans, a sergeant, who had absconded with the regiment's cash-box, and who, we are told, at the age of about seventy, received his first well-merited allowance of three hundred lashes at the Tower, being part of the nine hundred which he would receive in full for his delinquency.

The feelings of men are assuredly much improved since such an infliction could be described in such a tone.†

#### The Gatherrr.

"Pupils" of the Ancient Schools.—The "Pupils" of the old schools of Greece and Rome, were, indeed, very unlike the idle boys to whom the name is now mostly confined; they were learned, hard-headed men, who went to school at forty years of age, and staid there the rest of their lives.—*Vit. Plotini*, c. iii. p. 52.

The journey of death must be made by us all; the great cross-roads of life all lead to one end—the huge city of tombs.

† The report of the court-martial relating to William Walker, of Colonel Reynolds' company in the third regiment of Foot Guards, and Sergeant Evans, of Colonel Duncomb's company in the first regiment, having been made to his Majesty, they are each to receive nine hundred lashes.—*viz.* three hundred from each of the three regiments of Guards; and Evans is afterwards to be drummed out with a halter about his neck; and his crime in capital letters affixed to his back.—*February 9th.*

Tuesday the first battalion of the first regiment of Foot Guards was mustered at the Tower, when Mr. Evans, the sergeant, aged about seventy, received his first payment of three hundred lashes of wholesome severity, pursuant to his sentence at a general court-martial, for deserting with the company's pay above nine years ago. He is to receive six hundred more at two different times, and to be drummed out of the regiment with the order of Jack Ketch about his neck.—*February 21st.*

Yesterday Sergeant Evans received his last three hundred lashes on the parade of the Tower, pursuant to the sentence of the court-martial, for running from his colours, and carrying off one month's pay of the company, and was afterwards drummed out of the regiment to the Tower-gate with a halter about his neck.—*March 12th.*

**Street Architecture.**—Here and there, our street architects, with the more perishable materials at their disposal, are bestirring themselves to use handsome ornament, with a success which claims recognition—witness the shop-front at the corner of the Quadrant and Regent Circus—another, more newly completed, in Oxford Street, and, in a simpler taste, a group of new buildings in Lowndes Square, Knightsbridge.

**Red Colour of Rock Salt.**—De Serres states that if a small portion of red rock salt be placed with a little water on the object glass of a microscope, the salt dissolves, and there remain infusoria *Monas Dunalii*. The same animals also exist in clear rock salt.

**Dr. Crombie**, so well-known and highly respected in the scholastic and literary world, died at the Regent's Park, on the 11th ult., aged seventy-nine.

Our English factories produce about eight hundred millions of yards of woven cotton annually; that is to say, about a yard for every individual on the surface of the earth.

London, after all, is, by statisticians, found to be the healthiest of the great capitals of Europe. The pure climate of Naples has little power over the filth, the misery, and vice of a population in which the annual mortality is only 1 in 28, while with us 1 in 44 only dies in the year; in Vienna 1 in 22; in Paris 1 in 36; in Brussels 1 in 29; in Geneva 1 in 43; in Rome 1 in 24; in Madrid 1 in 35; in Amsterdam 1 in 25.

**Cobbett.**—Peter Pindar said his style was like the Horse Guards, only one story above the ground, while Junius's had all the airy elegance of Whitehall.

#### *A Grammarian's Advice.*

When man and wife at odds fall out,  
Let Syntax be your tutor,  
'Twixt masculine and feminine,  
What should one be but neuter?

The learned Joachim Maderus has given an account of all the libraries in the world, including those which were collected before the flood; *De Libris et Bibliothecis Antediluvianis.*

**British Museum.**—The Phigalian and Elgin Saloons in the British Museum, have lately been painted in imitation of marble of various shades of vivid red and scarlet.

**Custom at Socotra.**—My attention was arrested by perceiving something lying on the beach, which an Arab was just leaving. It was an old man stretched on his back, in a hollow scooped out of the sand; nothing but a tattered thin piece of cloth protected him from the fiery heat of the sun's rays; before him were some grain and fragments of half-broiled fish; but he was evidently in the last stage of existence. His companion told me, that when a man or woman became unable to work, it was customary thus to expose them; food, however, being brought until they ex-

pire, when a little earth thrown over them completes their half-formed grave.—*Wellsted's Travels.*

**Tehran.**—The only measure which seemed to indicate improvement there, was the establishment of a gazette, which commenced early in 1837, under the auspices of the Shah. It was printed in Persian, and, for want of types, was lithographed. I could not learn that there was so much as a printing-press in the country, but two have since been introduced, and are in active operation at Tebriz.—*Southgate's Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan, &c.*

**The Poet Clare** is not dead, as was rumoured: he is still an inmate of the Lunatic Asylum. Dr. Allen states it as a strange feature of his lunacy, that when discoursing prosaically, the symptoms of his madness are violent, but when he attempts poetry, his expressions preserve the appearance of perfect sanity.

**West India Islands.**—Tobago is most remarkable for fever; Dominica for diseases of the bowels and brain; Barbadoes for those of the lungs; Grenada for those of the liver; while Trinidad is most noted for its dropsies. Why these things are so, it is impossible to determine: but so they are.—*Public Health and Mortality, Quart. Review*, no. CXXXI.

**Poverty in Venice.**—The list of the year of those receiving relief of some kind or other—money or medicine—was 41,300. The government itself gives a kind of daily pay to 800 patricians; and it is said, that a Jew has bought the Foscari Palace, for an annuity of four or five lire daily, which he pays to two members of that ancient family.—*Von Raumer's Italy.*

**Discovery of Two New Rivers on the Northern Coast of Australia.**—In the course of a recent examination of the northern coast of Australia, in H. M. S. *Beagle*, a deep bay was found immediately to the westward of Van Diemen's Gulf, between Cape Hotham and the Vernon Island, terminating in a considerable river, which was explored for eighty miles in a southerly direction, when it became narrow, and divided into two branches, one coming from the southward, and the other from the eastward. This river, which has been named Adelaide, is navigable for vessels of from 400 to 500 tons burden, nearly fifty miles up. The farthest point reached was in 12° 56' S., 131° 18' E. Continuing the voyage to the south-westward for about 120 miles, the *Beagle* rounded Point Pearce, and found an extensive opening hitherto unexplored, at the bottom of which, a large navigable river flows into the sea. This river was named *Victoria*, in honour of Her Majesty—the extreme point reached was in 15° 36' S., and 130° 52' E.

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